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Novel Entertainments

Armistice Day Program

Price 25 Cents



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Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio
Denver, Colorado

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ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE
FRANKLIN, OHIO, also 944 S. Logan, DENVER, COLO.

ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

Compiled by
ALMA LUNDMAN

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PRICE 25 CENTS

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Franklin, Ohio also Denver, Colo.
922 S. Ogden

1917
1918
1919
1920

1921
1922
1923
1924

Armistice Day Program

- I. "Armistice Day: Lest We Forget"—Anonymous.
 - II. "You Have Come Home From France."
—Jean Rushmore Patterson.
 - III. "The Bivouac of the Dead."—Theodore O'Hara.
 - IV. "Unknown"—Bruce Barton.
 - V. "In Memory of America's Dead in the Great War"—J. Carson Miller.
 - VI. "Homeward Bound"
—George Edward Woodberry.
 - VII. "The Thousand Years of Peace"
—Lord Alfred Tennyson.
-

Chairman in charge of program will first give "Armistice Day: Lest We Forget" as an introduction to the program.

He will then make the following announcements, one before each of the other numbers:

"(Name of speaker) will give us a scene that occurred in one of our American homes when the soldier husband returned crippled and maimed."

(After this announcement someone will give "You Have Come Home From France.")

"Our next number is "The Bivouac of the Dead," by (name of speaker).

"We will now have Bruce Barton's 'Unknown,' by (name of speaker).

"(Name of speaker) will give us 'Epicedium—In Memory of America's Dead in the Great War.'"

"If we could have been on the ships with our soldiers as they were returning once more to their native shores, we could fully appreciate the feeling of joyful anticipation as expressed in the following selection, 'Homeward Bound'. (Name of speaker)".

"We are still hopeful that the World War is the closing of the great war epoch in history, and that Armistice Day of 1918 marks the beginning of the era when wars will be no more. Though there are at present some disturbances beyond the waters, we serenely and confidently hope that this turmoil, too, will soon be put to rest.

"The closing number of our program is Tennyson's 'The Thousand Years of Peace,' by (name of speaker)."

ARMISTICE DAY: LEST WE FORGET

*

November Eleventh may well be remembered so long as mankind finds instructions in history. It marks one of the most stupendous achievements in human experience. On November eleventh the work of the soldier was completed and the work of the diplomat begun. There are no words that can characterize adequately the endurance, the heroism and the devotion of the millions who offered their lives and all that life contained in order that victory might be won and mankind freed from the curse of militarism and war.

The breakdown of Germany, so often confidently predicted, had to await the entry into the war of the United States, and the development of American military power. If the United States had remained aloof, the war would have ended in a draw, and a draw not altogether favorable to the allies. The scales were tottering in the balance; America leaped into one of them and weighed it to the ground. That was her service and her responsibility. America performed her service well. Her sons and daughters gave their services, their lives, their all, upon the altar of Democracy. The greatest service that we, the living, can give is far too small for so great

a sacrifice. Gladly, eagerly, and willingly should we do all within our power to consecrate and commemorate those who so freely gave their last measure of devotion that the world might be safe for humanity and that Democracy might live.

Years have passed since that glorious and eventful November 11, 1918, when the armistice was signed which ended the greatest conflict in history. And in commemoration of that day we, this morning, pay our tribute and our respects to those who never returned, to those who returned crippled and maimed, and also to those who returned sound in mind and body, who, after witnessing the horrors and cruelties of war returned to their native shores.

Let us stop for a little while to think of the sacrifices made in behalf of a better world by the men who laid down their lives and by the women and children whose suffering in that period of warfare had been endured in the earnest hope that wars might cease.

Armistice Day, then, as each succeeding November brings another anniversary, is to remind us of the supreme need of justice in the relations of men and nations, and of the duty that still belongs to us—not less than it belongs to others—to give our best thought and effort to the establishment of peace upon true foundations.

—*Anonymous.*

YOU HAVE COME HOME FROM FRANCE

*

You have come home across the sea from France,
And for the arm that wrapped me ere you went.
There is an empty sleeve, and for the glance
You gave that bade me wait and strive to be content
There is an empty gaze, as one in trance,
Whose life still lingers here and still is spent.

You have come home across the sea from France!
Have you come home, you stalwart man that left,

Or is it someone else who comes perchance
With sightless eyes and sleeve of arm bereft?
Nay, in the courage of your step's advance
I read the limit of their cruel theft;
Your dear arm and your dearer eyes they stole,
They could not steal your soul.

—*Jean Rushmore Patterson.*

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

*

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen crew*.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed.
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death!"
(*Three stanzas omitted here.*)

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell
When many a vanquished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

* "Few" in original.

—Theodore O'Hara.

UNKNOWN

*

From the grave of the Unknown Soldier the crowds melted away. The great men of the nations, who had stood there bareheaded, stepped into their cars and were whirled back to town. The music of the bands grew faint and ceased.

All afternoon little parties of curious, reverent folk came and stopped, and went on again until finally only the guard remained. The day ended. Night came silently and threw over the grave the healing mantle of darkness.

Then a strange thing happened!

Three dim figures from nowhere gathered and stood uncovered beside the tomb. No word of greeting passed between them; they seemed to know each other well. Slowly, one after another, they stooped and read the freshly carved inscription. Then the oldest spoke.

"Things are improving a bit for us Unknown," he said. "I fought with Leonidas at Thermopylae. We fell side by side, we and the other two hundred and ninety-nine. Our bones are mingled with the dust and rocks. No one marked our resting place. Our names have perished, but we held the pass.

"My mother wept when I failed to return," he continued. "Night after night she waited at the window until it was foolish to hope any longer. Then she, too, wanted to die. But the neighbors came in and cheered her. 'You have given a son to save your country,' they cried. 'The Persians are driven back and Greece is freed. He died, but he left us a better world'."

The Unknown paused for a moment, his voice grew dull and hard.

"The Romans swept over the Greece that I died for," he said. "The barbarians swept over Rome. I sometimes wonder whether it was worth while to die at twenty-eight—to sleep at Thermopylae, unknown."

"I fought with Charles Martel at Tours," the second soldier said. "We turned back the Arab hosts; we saved

Europe from Mohammedanism; we kept it a Christian continent."

"'It is splendid,' they said to my mother, 'splendid to sacrifice a son on the altar of peace and good-will.'

"That was twelve hundred years ago," the second soldier said. "And where is the peace that we died for? Where is the faith? The good-will?"

The third Unknown had stood with Wellington at Waterloo. It was a high enthusiasm that had carried him there—the vision of a world free from tyranny and wrong. He fell and was buried in a trench, under a rude cross marked "Unknown."

"We thought it was to be the world's last great battle," he said. "There would be no more wars, no more youthful lives snuffed out, no more mothers waiting and weeping at home.

"But a century went by and there came a war beside which ours seemed a little thing. Our friend over whom the bands played today was one of millions who gave their lives. Men have heaped honors on him such as we never had. Do the honors mean that the hearts of men have changed, I wonder? They broke faith with us; will they keep faith with him?"

The three dim figures disappeared. The moon stood guard over the silent grave. In the East the first rays of the morning crept into the sky. They reached out vaguely, hesitatingly, touching the city of Washington where men were to gather that day to speak of peace—touching an inscription which the nation had cut in the stone above the body of its unknown soldier.

A solemn inscription; a nation's promise that he who lies there dead shall not have died in vain.

The world has made that promise before; all its unknown dead have died in that faith. And the promise has died with them.

Will it die again?

We told that boy when he marched away that he was fighting a war to end all wars. He fell, believing; and we have buried and carved an inscription over his tomb.

But the real inscription will not be written on any stone; it will stand in the dictionaries of the future. Only by writing it thus can the world keep faith with the long sad procession of its unknown heroes whom it has lied to and cheated and fooled.

This will be the inscription:

War

An Armed Contest Between Nations—

Now Obsolete

Unknown

—Bruce Barton.

IN MEMORY OF AMERICA'S DEAD
IN THE GREAT WAR

EPICEDIU

*

No more for them shall evening's rose inclose,
Nor Dawn's emblazoned panoplies be spread;
Alike the Rain's warm kiss and stalwart snows
Unminded, fall upon each hallowed head.

*But the bugles, as they leap and wildly sing,
Rejoice . . . remembering.*

The guns' mad music their young ears have known—
War's lullabies that moaned on Flanders' Plain;
Tonight the wind walks on them, still as stone,
Where they lie huddled close as riven grain.
*But the Drums, reverberating, proudly roll—
They love a Soldier's soul.*

With arms outflung and eyes that laughed at
Death,
They drank the wine of sacrifice and loss;
For them a life time spanned a burning breath,
And Truth they visioned clean of earthly dross,
*But the Fifes—can ye not hear their lusty shriek?
They know and now they speak.*

The lazy drift of cloud, the noonday hum
Of vagrant bees, the lark's untrammelled song,
Shall gladden them no more, who lie dumb
In Death's strange sleep, yet once were swift and
strong.

*But the Bells that to all living listeners peal
With joy their deeds reveal!*

They have given their lives with bodies bruised and
broken,
Upon their country's altar they have bled;
They have left as priceless heritage a token,
That Honor lives forever with the dead.
*And the Bugles, as their clear notes rise and fall—
They answer, knowing all.*

—J. Carson Miller.

HOMeward BOUND

*

Into the west of the waters on the living ocean's foam,
Into the west of the sunset where the young adventurers
roam,
Into the west of the shining star, I am sailing, sailing,
home.
Home from the lonely cities, time's wreck, and the naked
woe,
Home through the clean great waters, where freeman's
pennants blow.
Home to the land men dream of, where all the nations go;
'Tis home but to be on the waters, 'tis home already here,
Through the weird red-billowing sunset, into the west to
steer,
To fall asleep in the rocking dark with home a day more
near.

By morning light the ship holds on, alive with happy
freight,
A thousand hearts with one still joy, and with one hope
elate,

To reach the land that mothered them and sweetly guides
their fate;
Whether the purple furrow heaps the bow with dazzling
spray,
Or buried in the green-based masses they dip the storm-
swept day,
Or the white flag ribbons c'er them, the strong ship holds
her way;
And when another day is done, by the star of love we
steer,
To the land of all that we love best, and all that we hold
dear;
We are sailing westward, homeward; our western home
is near.

—George Edward Woodberry.

THE THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE

*

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

—Lord Alfred Tennyson.

ANOTHER PATRIOTIC MONOLOG

"WHEN MONTY CAME HOME FROM THE MARNE"

BY SEYMOUR S. TIBBALS

THE STORY tells of a widow's son, a peaceful young farmer, who enlisted in the U. S. Marines and lost an arm, as his father lost an arm at Shiloh. A stirring description of a gas attack and how the Marines won the fight.

The climax is reached when Monty comes back and drives the cattle up the lane.

Suitable for any reader and a number that will be welcome on any program.

 **PRICE 25 CENTS** 

THE ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO also International Trust Building DENVER, COLO.

Novel Action Songs for Young Ladies

HERE is a list of songs along the "stunt" order, suitable for entertainment programs, club programs, and social affairs. Plenty of fun and action.

THE HAT OF OTHER DAYS

Words and music by Harry C. Eldridge. Everyone knows how ridiculous the changing styles make out-of-date hats appear. The song is based on this fact, and the appearance of these "hats of other days" will cause loads of merriment. 50c.

MIXED RECIPES

A Domestic Science tragedy (?) set to music by H. C. Eldridge. The young ladies of the class lose their notes and have to get material ready for inspection without them. Trouble ensues. Good novelty. 50c.

I CAN'T DO A THING

WITH MY HAIR SINCE IT'S WASHED

Words and music by Harry C. Eldridge. Did you ever hear the above expression? They all say it. The song is for a merry group of girls who have trouble in keeping their hair in bounds. A jolly song. 50c.

REDUCED TO \$1.99

Words and music by H. C. Eldridge. The figures in a dry goods window are indignant at having to participate in so many "reduction sales," and, revolting, walk off the stage after telling their troubles in song. The eccentric motion of the figures makes a laughable number. 50c.

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Words and music by H. C. Eldridge. Sung in costume, this portrays the many wholesome and pleasing customs of "ye olden times." Directions for minuet included. 50c.

MY ARROW COLLAR MAN

Words by Juliet Barker, music by H. C. Eldridge. A novelty song for young lady with optional chorus of girls. 50c.

NOBODY KNOWS WHAT THE NEXT STYLE WILL BE

By Sarah Eldridge. The ever-changing mode of hair dressing keeps us all guessing what the next style will be. Sung by four or more girls, each with different style of hair dress and appropriate costumes. 50c.

WHEN POLLY PUT THE PEPPER IN THE TEA

By H. C. Eldridge. Amusing musical novelty telling of absent-minded Polly who served pepper instead of sugar in the tea. For 2 or more ladies. 50c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

"THE HOUSE THAT HELPS"

FRANKLIN, OHIO

also

DENVER, COLO.

922 S. Ogden